



On this night The Thunder Mill Forge is a packed house with a rowdy crowd ready for some of the area's greatest action as the cocky and brash Prince Canvas is defending the SouthPaw Grappling heavyweight title against one of promotion's hottest stars in Pepper Jaxson. The Forge is an old iron foundry that was once the hub of economy for this area of the Deep South, but tonight it is home to SouthPaw Grappling's weekly night of action.

With the reformation of the GFP, it is illegal for another promotion not affiliated with them to cross over into one of their areas and hold some 'rasslin' matches, no matter how things once turned out for a rogue promotion.

Enter Pearl "Tootsie" O'Connor. Before the formation of the GFP, Tootsie was one of the many fighting formations all over the land. She took over SouthPaw Grappling after the passing of her father Rock O'Connor and has run it with grace and heart since then. Friday nights were the hottest ticket in this area of the Deep South with a packed Forge on this side of town and a sold out Deep South Coliseum run by Roy Hunter on the other. It was unheard of for 2 promotions so close together running at the same time and both selling out in the process.

All good things must come to an end and when it does, there's surely some backstabbing that has gone on to get one over the other. This is exactly the case here. When the IFC fell and the restructuring of the newly formed GFP began, Roy Hunter wanted out. He wanted to take his money and just concentrate on fighting. He spoke to Harold Ross, then Tootsie. Ross and Hunter conspired a plan to take over the Deep South together and push Tootsie out. Ross would own the whole valley and Hunter would be his biggest star. They drew up the paperwork and had Hunter take it to Tootsie to sign. It stated that SouthPaw would run as normal and Deep South would continue as is but with new ownership.

"It's right here in writing, an official GFP document and nothing could go wrong," thought Tootsie to herself as she signed the paper.

Roy Hunter shook hands with Tootsie, placed the documents in the briefcase and then left. As he got down the road, he opened the briefcase, lit up a celebratory cigar and took out the documents. He removed the top set that Tootsie signed, complete with tracing paper on the backside. He then set it ablaze with his cigar, letting out a loud chuckle. The document below was the official document stating that Tootsie had passed up the opportunity to join the GFP with SouthPaw Grappling and forfeited her rights to competition. She didn't legally sign that one, but it picked up her signature from the tracing paper and the one she did sign had disappeared with the ashes in the wind!

Fast forward to the GFP conference where all 10 promotions were announced. Tootsie was there, but was carted out by security once all 10 were read, but SouthPaw Grappling wasn't one of them. Harold Ross was seen with a wry smile and chuckling as this was happening.

"Something doesn't seem right," JT Royal whispered to Eddie Safari at the table they were sharing.

Eddie retorted, "I agree. You can see Ross over there smiling and chuckling. I think more of this will come to light."

Tootsie was not hauled off to jail, but instead into a conference room hidden away from others. After the conference was over and the crowd had left, The Konishoner met up with Tootsie in the room with her letting loose in a verbal tirade.

"Dammit, I signed the official documents, how is this happening right now? I've been blindsided by those two crooks!" Tootsie blared.

The Konishoner spoke, "I don't doubt it for one minute, especially with Ross and Hunter's names behind it. Right now I cannot do anything about it as these are legally binding documents with your signature on them. If any tampering on our side is suspected, everything will shut down!"

“Like I give a crap! I have nothing!” Tootsie yelled, stopping to think about what she just said, then she leaned in closer to The Konishoner. “Look, I know you have to do what’s right and play the right cards, but I’m going to need your help on this.”

The Konishoner replied, “ I’m listening.”

“I’m not asking, I’m telling you that I will find a way to keep SouthPaw going. I have a plan and I am going to talk to some others. SouthPaw is going to operate like a speakeasy. It is illegal for any other promotions to operate on GFP sectors...if they get caught! I have many places in mind to bounce around to and keep things on the down low. What’s the worst thing that can happen if I get caught?”

The Konishoner said, “A fine that increases each time. You aren’t part of the GFP, so there’s really nothing to enforce that. The essence of that rule is blackballing, but you’re already going through that in a way, so it really won’t affect you much. With what Ross and Hunter did to you, I don’t think the other sectors are going to help him out much in terms of trying to push you out. The worst thing could be that he hires the authorities to arrest you and then you’d have to deal with those repercussions.”

“I will take my chances. I may end up making more money with this than I ever did legally! I will die on the sword, you have my word that you know. No one else will know about this other than the secret assembly of talent that I will need to form. We never spoke of this and you know nothing about it.” Tootsie quipped.

The Konishoner closed, “Very well. Again I am sorry this happened, I was looking forward to seeing SouthPaw Grappling as a GFP sector. I am cheering you on from the shadows.